522. d. 44

A

TALE

Concerning a

SWAN.

How that Swan did ſwim; and ſeveral other Matters fit for *Babes* to hear, and know, and be inſtructed in.

To be told by *Nurſes* to their *Children* when they teach them to ſpeak.

Tranſlated from ſeveral Original Manuſcripts.

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio,
——— funus promittere patris
Nec volo nec poſſum ——— Juv. Sat. 3.
——— ——— Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis tam ferreus ut teneat ſe. Juv. Sat. 1.
Stulta eſt clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ. Ibid.

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T. A L E

S W A N.

THE

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

To the READER.

THE following Papers are all that could be recover'd, at preſent, from a Heap of old, torn, worm-eaten, blotted *Manuſcripts*, found in raking up the Aſhes of a Weſtern *Tomb*, where, probably, they have lain buried for many Ages.

Whether the World will profit any thing by them, or no, your poor *Tranſlator* can't determine. He wiſhes they cou'd have been more compleat; but what there is you're welcome to. *Vale*

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Chap. II. *Of the Situation of the* Island of Birds, *its being encompass'd with azure Streams and Chrystal Billows. Of the little* Island *of* Parrots *on the West Side of the* Island *of* Birds, *and the* Swans Nest *in the* Island of Parrots.

Chap. III. *How the* Phœnix *delighted her self on the Banks of her* Island; *how she slept securely under the Shelter of the tall Cedars which grew near the Mote which encompass'd the Kingdom of Birds; how she used to refresh her self with the pleasant Waters which she received from the faithful Bill of her Guardian* Swan; *how she was delighted with him and call'd him her* Guardian Bird, *her* Angel, *and many other soft Expressions; Marks of her Love.*

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A TALE Concerning a SWAN, &c.

CHAP. I.

Of the Phœnix, *and her Government; how she chose the* Robin-Red-Breast *for her Darling Bird, and rejected the haughty Service of the* Jack-Daw; *the changing of her Officers; and many such like things worth Notice.*

§. 1. ONCE upon a time, when Birds could speak, and Swallows lodg'd their tender brood in the hoary branches which adorn'd grave Senators Chins, the *Phœnix* was the Queen of the feather'd Host.

§. 2. How hard 'twas for this Royal Bird to keep the *Kites*, *Rooks*, *Vultures*, *Crows*, and other Birds of Prey, from purſuing the wild Dictates of their ravenous Nature, and preying on the Turtles, and other harmleſs Fowl, proceſs of time has ſufficiently evinc'd.

§. 3. Many a gentle *Turtle* fell the fatal Victim of ſome furious *Hawk*.

§. 4. The fawning *Robin-Red-Breaſt* was not ſpar'd: The *Sparrows* and the *Tom-tits* pick'd out his Eyes, and ruffled the Rubine Feathers of his riſing Creſt.

§. 5. 'Twas ſtrange a Bird, which hopp'd from ſide to ſide, and pick'd up the falling Crums from every Table, ſhou'd meet ſuch cruel Fate; ſo much againſt the known Laws of Birds of State.

§. 6. The *Jack-Daw*, with his red Legs and Bill, made a notable figure in the *Phœnix*'s Court; by his ſtrutting Gate and pratling Tongue (it having been ſlit formerly by a Silver Groat) ſome of the grave Birds judg'd he deſign'd rivalling even the *Phœnix* her ſelf in Glory.

§. 7. Be it how it will, 'tis known to all, who underſtand the Hiſtory of Birds, that the *Phœnix* grew tired of the *Jack-Daw*'s chattering; and the *Robin-Red-Breaſt*, as being judged the moſt innocent Bird, was the only one which was permitted to hop to and fro in the *Phœnix*'s Preſence.

§. 8. Com-

§. 8. Commentators differ about this *Robin-Red-Breaſt*; whether it be *Aldrovandus*'s fam'd *Croſs-bill*, or whether it be a Species of thoſe *Red-Breaſt Birds* bred in the *Canary* Iſlands, is by the Learn'd yet undetermin'd.

§. 9. The *Magpye* was a cunning Bird, and ſecur'd all the Proviſions of Corn, which had been gather'd by particular Arts belonging to that Government of Birds, in his own Cheſts; of which he took often many a large and greedy Meal.

§. 10. 'Twas reported that the *Magpye* deſign'd abridging even the *Phœnix* from the Power of coming at, or eating of, her own Proviſions when ſhe pleas'd.

§. 11. The *Magpye*'s Tongue was alſo ſlit by old Silver, or old Gold; the Text does not name which.

§. 12. The *Phœnix*, as old Stories have it, ſet the *Robin-Red-Breaſt* to keep the Stores; and gave him a *white Rod* in his hand; with particular Directions to beat away the *Magpye*.

§. 13. The *Jack-Daw* had kept ſuch a mighty hectoring and bluſtering, of Feats of Activity which he had done (unrewarded God knows) againſt the *Cuckoos* and *Bats*, that he wearied the *Phœnix* with his Impertinence, and ſhe was reſolv'd to forbid him ever coming to her Court.

CHAP. II.

Of the Situation of the Iſland of Birds; its being encompaſs'd with Azure Streams and Cryſtal Billows. Of the little Iſland of Parrots on the Weſt ſide of the Iſland of Birds; and the Swan's Neſt in the Iſland of Parrots.

§. 1. A Curious Mote, ſtreaming in azure Rills, whoſe Rolling Surface breaks in Cryſtal Waves, ſurrounds the *Paradiſe* which our *Hiſtorians* ſometimes call by the Name of the *Kingdom of Birds*.

§. 2. On the weſt ſide of the *Kingdom of Birds* lies the Iſland of *Parrots*.

§. 3. The Soil of this Iſland produces a Grain, the Juice of which, when rightly extracted, makes Birds prattle prodigiouſly.

§. 4. The choiceſt Parrots, belonging to the whole Empire of Birds, are bred in this Iſland: 'Twas here the *Phœnix* choſe many a favourite Pet.

§. 5. There were to be found neither *Parrots*, or *Parokeets*, in the whole Dominion of the Queen of Birds, which for Beauty cou'd vie with thoſe bred in the *Weſtern Iſle* of *Parrots*.

§. 6. In

§. 6. In Choice Feathers, regularly and well adjusted, none other, even of their own Species, came near the graceful *Parrots* taken from the Nests of the western Isle of *Parrots*.

§. 7. As for talking; there's Melody in the Voice of the *Parrots* of the western Isle beyond all other *Parrots*.

§ 8. The *Parrots*, of the western Isle, had learn'd to read and write; and came to such a Perfection in that way, that they out-did all other Birds in the dexterous Skill of cunningly managing the Claw in curiously describing their Meaning on Leaves.

§. 9. There are a notable Sort of *Red-shanks* bred in this *Island of Parrots*: They are a daring Sort of fighting Birds, which have been of great Service to the *Phœnix* in her War against the *Cuckoos* and *Batts*.

§. 10. Prolifick Ashes had produc'd successive Reigns of mighty *Phœnixs* since first the Swan, always a favourite Bird to the Royal Line, was allotted, by a *Phœnix*, ancient and renown'd in History, to build his Nest and lodge himself within the most beautiful Recesses of the Island of *Parrots*.

§. 11. How the glorious *Swans*, chose from this Nest, adorn'd the *Phœnix*'s Court, and of their Loyalty and mighty Prowess; how they swam about the Mote: these, and many things more concerning them, are all writ down in the Chronicles of the Reigns of the *Phœnixs*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How the Phœnix *delighted her self on the Banks of her* Island; *how she slept securely under the Shelter of the tall Cedars which grew near the Mote, which encompass'd the Kingdom of Birds; how she us'd to refresh her self with the pleasant Waters which she received from the faithful Bill of her Guardian Swan; how she was delighted with him and call'd him her Guardian Bird, her Angel, and many other soft Expressions, marks of her Love.*

§. 1. WHen jarring Discord fill'd the *Phœnix*'s Court, and croaking Ravens had wearied the Majestick Patience of their Queen; the Royal Bird, to sooth her Cares, was wont to perch on some tall Cedar, which with aspiring Branches shadow'd the Mote which encompass'd the Kingdom of Birds.

§. 2. From this stately Summit she'd behold, with pleasant Eyes, the milk-white Swan, the Beauty of her Reign, approaching the Banks.

§. 3. His Presence made her forget the Discords she had heard. My lovely *Bird*, says the *Phœnix*, where have you

you been so long? My charming *Bird*, come near unto your *Queen* and tell me what's that I see you bring me on your Wings.

§. 4. I need not ask, continues the *Phœnix* to the *Swan*, the swift-wing'd Swallows, my Messengers of Fame, have already proclaimed your Glory, and told us of your coming laden with golden Feathers from distant Shores.

§. 5. Be prosperous still, my *Swan*, says the good Queen, and whilst in quick Observance of my Will, the distant Space conveys you from my Sight, your faithful Consort shall be my darling Bird; I'll hug her in my Breast, and with my clapping Wings rejoice I have a Swan to sooth my Grief.

§. 6. Come near, my Bird, and hear what I've to say: The Cuckoos have long been injurious to our Reign, and suck'd the Eggs even from our Royal Nest. Go to, my *Swan*, I send you either to perswade these Birds to reason, or make them resign their lawless Kingdom to our Force.

§. 7. Perswade the *Cuckoos*, says the *Phœnix*, perswade them, my faithful *Swan*, for you have melting Rhetorick on your Tongue; nay, make them hear and assent to all your Reasons.

§. 8. The *Cuckoos*, who every Summer, in the Fields, make a Noise peculiar to themselves, to affright the fearful Birds, 'tis these you must subdue by Reason or by Force.

§. 9. 'Tis

§. 9. 'Tis your Queen, my Truſty *Swan*, who ſends you on this Errand: Deſire the *Cuckoos*, therefore, to build Neſts of their own, and not encroach on ours.

§. 10. Tell the Cuckoos, my Loyal Swan, you come not without Authority. 'Tis the Phœnix, Miſtreſs of Birds, and even Queen of the Rebellious Cuckoos, who ſends you as her truſty Servant to them.

§. 11. 'Tis you, and only you, my Swan, are fit for ſuch Command. You from whoſe Bill I, often, faithfully have taſted cool refreſhing Water.

§. 12. Be proſperous, then, my Bird, and ſtreight obey your Miſtreſs's Command.

§. 13. This ſaid, the Swan moſt readily obey'd; the fearful Cuckoos enter into League, not to diſturb the Phœnix or her Birds.

§. 14. The *Swan* ſails off; the Queen of Birds, with a Majeſtick Flight, retires from viewing her wondrous goodly Cedars.

§. 15. Theſe Cedars are the tow'ring Bulwarks of thoſe Royal Kingdoms. In theſe the *Phœnix*, and her Army, ſhelter themſelves when in danger of an Invaſion by Foreign Birds.

§. 16. The *Wood-Peckers* had with their ſharp and piercing Bills contrived Caverns within the ſides of theſe noble Cedars; ſo that Birds within the hollow ſides of theſe curious Groves, by exploſive Air, which they farted in

Sul-

Sulphureous Exhalations from their Poſtern Parts, cou'd mightily annoy all winged Foes, who in a hoſtile manner came againſt them.

CHAP. IV.

A Deſcription of the Swan; his Beauty; ſtately Mein; gallant and undaunted Bravery, &c. diſplay'd.

§. 1. TO ſpeak the beauties of the Swan in numbers equal to the ſubject, ſurpaſſes my aſpiring Pen.

§. 2. I'll only ſay, as to his external Form, he ſurpaſs'd all the Birds in the Phœnix's Court.

§. 3. He was all pure Whiteneſs; an Emblem of his Innocence; nor was there any ſtained Feather to be found about him.

§. 4. The Swan borrow'd not a Feather from any Bird; nor had he lately chang'd thoſe lucid Feathers he now wears: Theſe many Ages they have been the ſame, and always have appear'd moſt bright.

§. 5. When bounteous Heaven bleſſes the joyful Birds with a benign and proſperous Seaſon, a ſnowy Down is plenteouſly diſpers'd amongſt the ſplendid Feathers of the Swan; this makes his well plac'd Plumes ſit with a better grace.

§. 6. If ſharp or pinching Air is introduc'd into the Clime of Birds, or horrid Clouds threaten a direful Storm,

the prudent Swan, with ſtately Mein, retires to the known Covert of ſome ancient Oak, whoſe Trunk the ever-verdant Ivy Leaves ſurround with ſtrict embrace; here he avoids the dirty Rain, and ſaves his cleanly Coat from all pollution.

§. 7. Or if a gentle Show'r ſhou'd o'ertake him, he calmly glides under ſome hoſpitable Laurel; with clapping Wings he careleſsly ſhakes off the rolling Drops which cannot ſtick or wet his ſlick, poliſh'd Form.

§. 8. Painters, in former Times, deſcribed the Swan with a black Bill; this the *Chronologers* of thoſe Times ſay was caus'd by flocks of Gulls, and other Salt Water Fowl, which got about him, with amorous Allurements, and enticing Speeches, tempting the lordly Bird to ſtoop his ſtately Neck, and condeſcend a billing Salute to each of their aſpiring Careſſes. The Poiſon of their ſalacious Breath, and rankneſs of their Bodies, blackned his Bill (as envious Birds wou'd have it, who long'd to find a blot in the pureſt of ſtately Fowl); but this blackneſs is now wore off; at preſent his Bill's as clean and neat as any Bird's Bill about the Court.

§. 9. About his Neck he wore a Collar of pureſt Gold ſet round with Brillant Diamonds.

§. 10. A *Church*, a *College*, and a *Caſtle* were, each, on this Collar, in wiſeſt Hieroglyphicks, moſt exqiſitely decipher'd.

§. 11. *Eccleſiæ, Patriæ & Literarum Pater* was the Enig-

Enigmatical Motto, (engraved by curious Art on an Escutcheon supported by three Guardian Angels) which emblematically adorn'd this Princely Collar.

§. 12. The natural good Qualities with which the stately *Swan*'s endowed, make no less an *eclat* in History than the beauty of his Form and lovely Mein.

§. 12. He flies not, like other fearful Birds, at the approach of Danger.

§. 14. You'll see the Swan with an undaunted Bravery glide on his Course, oppos'd by Monsters, Furies, Tempests, and frightful Objects, which malicious Goblins (a sort of Diabolic Spirits which tormented poor Birds in the Phœnix's Reign) raise in the way on purpose to affright innocent Birds; you'll see the Swan, says History, outbrave all these, and disappoint the unlucky Children, by taking no notice, whilst they pelt him with Dirt, and endeavour to persecute him for Pastime.

§. 15. No, says the Swan, the Guilty Birds may be afraid, but Innocence is my Protection.

§. 16. Had you seen him, when Watermen assaulted him with their Oars, to hinder him from pursuing the *Phœnix*'s Commands, 'twou'd have made you love and fear the faithful Bird.

§. 17. Oft has he glided o'er the Mote, whilst fearful of his tender Paramour, he left her guarded by the *Phœnix*'s Wing: Careless of every Danger in his way, nor Bird nor Beast, nor Man (more frightful than the rest)

can cow his ſteady purpoſe to perform the *Phœnix*'s Will.

§. 18. Every Bird purſues his Avarice and greedy Appetite, each preſſing to be foremoſt, to pick up with unmannerly haſte, the ſcatter'd Crums with which the Phœnix feeds her choiceſt Birds; but the Swan, only ambitious to adorn her Mote, careleſs of himſelf and his lovely Mate, quits not his ſtately cuſtom of rejecting to mix himſelf with Geeſe and other hungry Birds, who throng about her Palace, with ſtarving Looks, to intercede for Food.

§. 19. Nor was the Royal Phœnix's Bounty to the Swan, ſufficient to ſupply the daily Crowds of *Gulls* and *Cormorants* who crav'd their entire Suſtenance from him.

§. 20. The *Swan*, a tender charitable Bird, cou'd not ſee Fowl, tho' of the meaneſt rank, periſh for want of Food.

§. 21. The lovely *female Swan*, a ſtately Bird of beauteous frame, was no leſs Chatitable than her Princely Lord.

§. 22. What pair of Birds in all the Phœnix's Court appear'd ſo ſplendidly innocent as theſe?

§. 23. Leave to the unlucky *Jack-Daw*, ſays the heavenly female *Swan* to her dear Mate, leave to him, and his airy Conſort, the little Arts of hiding in every hole Buſhels of ſtolen Trinkets. We, nobly born, are above thoſe waggiſh *monky* Cheats, which pleaſe the laughing vulgar, and make them admire the ſubtle devices of the crafty Birds.

§. 24. Leave to the *Jack-Daws* and *Magpies*, to the *Sparrows* and *Parrots* the ungovernable faculty of Biting,

and

and picking Feathers from every Bird they can catch hold of.

§. 25. Let us be honeſt Birds, continues the Divine *female Swan*, and rather ſuffer our ſelves to be bit by little Birds (which have not Power or Strength enough to hurt us) than debaſe our noble Nature ſo far as to bite any Bird.

§. 26. And if the flocks of *Hawks* or *Vultures*, which threaten hourly to diſturb our Peace, aſſail us; let it not be ſaid we ſtoop our ſtately Necks, or fearfully avoid their feeble Blows: Our Beauty, when they view us, will diſarm the hoſtile Crew, and ſuffer us to glide unhurt with our elated Heads.

CHAP. V.

How the Phœnix, *wearied with the Cares of State, took her Leave of the ſage Birds, particularly the Owls; how ſhe deſired they would deliver up her Scepter to the* Eagle: *How ſhe flew to* Paradiſe; *no Remains of her Aſhes being yet diſcernable. How in the Annals of Time there were myſterious Writings found, concerning a Bird of* Paradiſe, *which ſhould deſcend when the* Phœnix *ſhou'd ceaſe, to preſerve her Species by a ſucceſſive Production of prolifick Aſhes; and how that Bird of* Paradiſe *was conſtrued to be the* Eagle, *and his happy* Reign.

[*This Chapter was ſo blotted and ſcratch'd in the Manuſcript, that it could be made out no otherwiſe than in abrupt Words.*

§. 1. 2. 3. * * * Go to *Paradiſe* * * * no remaining Aſhes * * * unhappy Birds * * * Red-breaſt * *

Naughty

Naughty Bird * * * Cat-in-Pan * * * Eagles * * * Bird of Power * * * Foreign Powers * * * Fighting Cocks * * * no Weapons * * * Spurs cut off. * *

§. 4. 5. 6. 7. * * * Poor *Phœnix* * * very weary * * can't ſtay * * * *Flies* down from *Paradiſe* * * * ſhew me the Way * * * I'm ſent for * * muſt go * * * loath to leave * * * in Confuſion * * * no Help * * * *Pelicans* can't aſſiſt * * * burn Records * * * beat away *Robin* * * * makes Miſchief * * * call the Owls * * dark Birds * * * Myſterious Things * * * great Expectations from *Paradiſe* * * * Aſhes ſcatter'd in Foreign Kingdoms * * * will riſe * * * a Bird from *Paradiſe* * * * better Government * * * giddy Birds * * * never to be pleas'd * * *

§. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. * * *Phœnix* gone * * * another *Phœnix* * * * The Bird of *Paradiſe* * * * the Eagle * * * Birds will be happy * * * can't tell when * * * Old Prophecies * * * Eagles * * * Birds of *Paradiſe* * * * Birds of *Paradiſe* * * * Eagles * * * * *

CHAP. VI.

How the Eagle *ſucceeded the* Phœnix; *and how he was jealous of the Phœnix's Friends; and how he ſuffer'd the Rooks and Vultures to fill his Court, with many other things.*

[*Times had ſo defaced this Chapter, in the Manuſcript, that there was ſcarce a whole Word to be made out, which grieves, very much, the Tranſlator; and the Publick, no Doubt, muſt bewail the Want of ſo uſeful a Piece of Hiſtory.*]

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How the Rooks and Hawks envy the Swan; how the first pronounce his Death, and Petition the latter to assist. How they accuse the innocent Swan of Treason; alledging that the Eagle is not safe if the innocent Swan is suffer'd to live; and several other things worth Note; concluding all with the Owl's *Speech to the* Eagle.

[*Not one Word of this Chapter is to be made out, from the Original, except the* Owl's *Speech, which, by good Providence, was preserved entire. How the* Owl *got access to the* Eagle, *and many other things, which 'tis impossible to recover, are utterly unknown.*]

The Owl's *Speech to the* Eagle *in behalf of the* Swan.

'O H! Royal *EAGLE*, valiant *Bird*, suffer your poor 'despised *Owl* to approach your Throne.

'Hear the Petition of a Bird, who for himself has 'naught to beg: His Solitary Residence, under the Co-'vert of old forsaken Walls, is to him sufficient Content.

'No, mighty *Bird*, it is not for my self I thus pre-'sumptuously approach you.

'The Safety of your Sacred Person moves me to this 'audacious Act.

'The Life of your most faithful *Bird*, the *Swan*, is 'too openly invaded, to suffer me to restrain my hollow 'Voice from even endeavouring to awake the Slumbers 'with which, your Enemies, and the *Swan*'s, wou'd 'close your Eyes.

'Your

'Your Fate and his, too apparently, I see to be united.

'Can the *Rooks*, who once cut off the Royal *Phœnix*'s 'Sire, because he Usurp'd o'er them too great a Power, 'preserve the *Eagle*, to whom they'll bear more Hate; 'because he soars with mightier Power in the Field.

'Who'll give you cooling Drink, from purest Streams 'of *Heliconian* Rivers, with a trusty Bill, when your 'poor Swan's no more?

'Whose Neck, amongst the Birds, is long, as his, to serve 'your Royal Person with Majestick Draughts of Nectar?

'Has not the *Swan*, by right of Birth, born always 'to the Scepter untainted Cups, free from all poisonous 'Mixture?

'Shou'd *Rooks*, *Crows*, or *Daws*, out of their Ele-'ment, aspire to bring Drink unto your stately Table, 'in their polluted Bills, wou'd not their rank and poi-'sonous Breath, in serving you, offend: How cou'd you 'bear the stench of their polluted Carcasses?

'Consider this, O *Eagle!* for the *Phœnix*'s sake, who 'loved the charming Bird; nay for your *own*, and the 'young *Eagle*'s sake; and for the numerous flight of 'stately *Eagles* destin'd to rise out of your lofty Nest.

'With what regret wou'd you walk by your spacious 'Mote, and view the sparkling watry Element without a '*Swan*?

'A *Swan*, whose graceful Motion does inspire delight 'and wonder to the admiring flock of choicest Birds.

'You'd

'You'd grieve the Loſs, when Grief cou'd not avail, 'of ſuch an innocent, an honeſt, Fowl.

'Far be it from the Eagle's Thoughts, Oh! far let 'Cruelty be baniſh'd from your Court.

'Let proſperous Mildneſs, Love and Peace bring in the 'initiate beams of your ſoft Sway. Let ſweet harmo-'nious Sounds be eccho'd by the *Swan* to every Coaſt.

'The *Swan*, who in the *Halcyon*'s Neſt was laid, and 'owes his Being to the Sea.

'May *Halcyon* Days, O *Eagle*, bleſs your Reign, 'if you ſhew Mercy to the *Halcyon*'s Bird.

'May *Heaven*, as on that Sacred Day it was, when 'Guardian Flies adorn'd your Brow with an Imperial 'Crown, be ſtill propitious to the Royal *Eagle*.

'Shall then the *Eagle*, favourite to *Heaven*, not fa-'vour *Heaven*'s decrees, by ſhewing Mercy to the mira-'culous *Bird?*

'Royal *Eagle*, let *your Owl adviſe*; do not provoke '*Divinity* too much; ſhew timely and propitious Aid 'to your perſecuted *Swan*; otherwiſe *Divinity* may be 'Angry, and Heaven ſhow'r down Judgments.

'What did the *Swan* but what an honeſt Bird ſhou'd 'do? He loved the *Phœnix*, and the *Phœnix* him.

'The *Phœnix* fed him with her bounteous Bill: To 'her, obſequiouſly, he offer'd cooling Draughts of uncor-'rupted Waters.

'Shou'd you not carefully preſerve the *Bird*, which
'the admir'd *Phœnix* nouriſh'd with the tendereſt Care?

'The Phœnix, to whom you're every way allied;
'for you as King of Birds with ſoaring flight can riſe
'like her, and view the Sun; and yet, what Phœnix's
'can't do, Eagles deſcend with unſcorch'd Wings; nor
'are reduced to Aſhes.

'No Diſcord ſure ſhou'd harbour in thoſe Fowl who
'fly above the common pitch.

'*Ravens* and *Vultures*, *Crows* and ugly Birds have
'croaking Voices, not fit to join in Conſort with Æ-
'therial Choirs.

'Chuſe out, O *King*, the well-tun'd *Nightingale* be-
'low, and the aſpiring Morning *Lark* above, to ſooth
'your ſlumbering Hours; and let the weighty Matters
'of the State be guided by the ſage and ſober *Swan*.

''Tis he, and he alone, amongſt the ſtately Birds,
'whoſe Feathers are all white.

'The *Geeſe*, a fooliſh Crew, wou'd prove to you
'much ſafer Miniſters of State than *Rooks* and *Crows*,
'*Vultures* and preying *Ravens*.

'*Thoſe* you may guide, but *theſe* will ſure guide you.

'Frequent, O *Eagle*, the old forſaken *Churches*; where
'the *Owls* in Sable coverings from Darkneſs bring forth
'Light.

'How

'How oft do *Owls*, assisted by the *Flies*, Messengers 'from *Paradise*, in perched Summits, with elevated Bills, 'relate, in boading Accents, most prophetick Riddles to 'the Birds below them.

'When angry Birds resist the faithful *Owl*'s kind Ad-'monition, and rush against the Divine Preacher with 'furious Rage (such as was shewn of late by *Rooks* and '*Hawks*) the well skreen'd *Owl*, shelter'd by *Ivy*'s Sacred 'Wreaths, is hid.

'If *Owls* pop out their Heads in light, or go bare-'fac'd to Court, the wicked Birds pursue, and persecute 'them e'en to Death.

'This, this O *Eagle* is the case; I a poor *Owl* am 'fearful to declare the Truth; but fear shall not prevail: 'I'll speak this once, tho' Persecution and a Banishment 'from Court is, I know, a certain Consequence.

'I have not long to stay, the Light I see approach-'ing which warns me 'tis high time to take my flight: 'Therefore, before I go, O *King*, attend to these few 'Words which your prophetick Owl, who studies more 'your Safety than his own, presumes to say.

'When gentle Sleep has sooth'd your Cares to Ease, 'I by my Shreeks am ready to affright the Traiterous 'Birds from executing treasonable Purposes against your 'Sacred Person.

'I

'I hear, in dead of Night, when all the Eagles ſecure-
'ly take their reſt, what *Rooks* and *Vultures* plot.
'I hoot and fright them from their unripe Treaſon;
'and with a skreaming hideous Voice awake your truſty
'Servants round your Court to Arms.
'Let not, O *King*, my boding Voice be now deſpis'd.
'The *Owl*, who never opens her Mouth, but by ſome
'Sacred *Omen* bent, beſpeaks your Care.
'The Swan's a Bird worthy your Royal Favour; you'll
'ne'er repent the Mercy that you ſhew to one, in whoſe
'white Breaſt all Mercy ſits.

This ſaid, the *Owl* (firſt due Submiſſion paid) with trembling Wings (thro' many a horrid Hiſs) took his *Aſylum* in the ſpacious Caverns of a hollow Cloyſter.

N. B. *There is a famous Chymiſt preparing a Spirit, by which 'tis hop'd, in time, more of this* Manuſcript *will be recover'd, to the unſpeakable Benefit of Mankind.*

FINIS.